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H Y M N S  
OF LOVE & THANKFULNESS



A. M. JAMES

147. g.

596.







**Hymns**  
OF  
**Lobe and Thankfulness.**

BY  
**A. M. JAMES,**  
AUTHOR OF  
'THE LIFE OF FELLOWSHIP,' 'THE COVENANT OF LOVE,' ETC.

'Unto HIM that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own Blood,  
and hath made us kings and priests unto GOD and His FATHER; to HIM  
be Glory and Dominion for ever and ever. Amen.'—REV. i. 5, 6.

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Hymns  
of  
Love and Thankfulness.

---

I.

'Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my  
soul after Thee, O GOD.'—Ps. xlii. 1.

ONE only path I love to tread ;  
The path whereon Thy Light is shed.  
One task alone is sweet to me ;  
The task that keeps me nearest Thee.

One pleasure I will not resign ;  
The pleasure, LORD, of being Thine.  
One sorrow still my heart would flee ;  
The sorrow of displeasing Thee.

R

One Food I never can forego ;  
The Bread my SAVIOUR doth bestow ;  
The precious Food He bids me take—  
His Body, broken for my sake.

To one desire my soul doth cling ;  
To see Thy Face, my GOD and KING.  
One only day I yearn to see ;  
The day that takes me *Home to Thee*.

---

II.

‘Ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone : and yet I am not alone, because the FATHER is with me. These things I have spoken unto you, that *in Me* ye might have peace.’—ST. JOHN, xvi. 32, 33.

WHEN the heart is sad and weary  
 With the burden of each day ;  
 When the path is lone and dreary,  
 None to cheer the darkening way ;

Then ONE cometh, drawing nearer  
 Than the nearest friend could be ;  
 And the light of life grows clearer  
 As we learn HIS Love to see.

Wondrous Love, the heart surrounding,  
*Filling* all the empty soul !  
 JESU, thus Thy Grace abounding  
 Makes the broken spirit whole.

Thou, O LORD of earth and Heaven,  
Thou didst suffer once—*alone* ;  
And Thy loneliness has given  
Springs of comfort to Thine own.

Better lose all earthly gladness,  
So it leave our hearts more free,  
In their undertone of sadness,  
For the life we live in Thee.

Source of Joy which faileth never,  
Let me all Thy sweetness prove ;  
Let me drink of Thee for ever,  
Thou my Strength, my Life, my Love.

---

III.

‘Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities . . . for CHRIST’s sake ;  
for when I am weak, then am I strong.’—2 COR. xii. 10.

THOU only knowest, LORD, how frail and  
weak

Is every step I take, each word I speak ;  
That all is failure,—that I cannot stand,  
Except Thou hold me by Thy gracious Hand.

Yet, since the longing of my heart for Thee  
Is still the echo of Thy Love to me ;  
And since it is the hungry Thou dost feed,  
The weary-hearted Thou dost gently lead ;

And since the thirsty Thou dost satisfy  
With living waters, and the weak supply  
With strength ; on Thee my feeble soul may  
rest,

Through very poverty more richly blest.

And if Thou only hold me close to Thee,—  
Yet closer—closer yet—how sweet will be  
The pressure of Thy Hand ; how great the gain  
Of every danger and of every pain

Which makes me thus Thy Strength in weakness  
prove,

And lean more wholly on Thy precious Love !  
My LORD ! I thank Thee that I cannot stand  
One moment safe *without Thy loving Hand.*

---

IV.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE ELDER AND  
THE YOUNGER SON COMBINED.

‘Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.’—

ST. LUKE, xv. 31.

LORD, I arise and come to Thee  
Day after day, and hour by hour ;  
In deep contrition oft I flee  
Some touch of sin’s defiling power.

Forgiven again, again I sin,  
And yet again I urge my prayer :—  
‘Not worthy, LORD, Thy Grace to win ;  
Not worthy of a FATHER’S Care.

Not fit to kneel before Thy Throne,  
Or lift my eyes to Heaven above ;  
Not worthy to be called Thine own ;  
Not worthy of a SAVIOUR’S Love.



Chastise me, LORD, yet put away,  
As east from west, my guilt from me ;  
Rebuke each fault, but let me say,  
LORD, I arise and come to Thee.'

Then sweet Thine answering Voice doth fall  
Upon my listening, longing ear,—  
' Child, thou art still with Me ; not all  
The power of sin shall ever tear

Thee from My Love. Thy heart is Mine :  
Though frail it is not false to Me.  
The treasures of My Grace are thine,  
Thine now and thine eternally.'

---

V.

‘If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the FATHER,  
JESUS CHRIST the Righteous; and He is the propitiation for  
our sins.’—1 JOHN, ii. 1, 2.

AGAINST Thee, even Thee, my Sovereign  
LORD,

Jarred the rebellious tone, the angry word;  
Thy strength neglected, and betrayed Thy trust,  
Prove my dishonour and my failure just.

Yet, SAVIOUR, Thou dost draw me back to Thee  
With the sweet echo of Thy Love for me :  
Thy holy tenderness would still impart  
Peace and forgiveness to my aching heart.

O SAVIOUR ! hold me closer yet to Thee—  
Yet closer, else I fall ; here sweet will be  
The knowledge of my weakness, since I stand  
In greater need of Thy protecting Hand.

Yet closer, LORD ! Thy child would thus abide,  
Hidden from danger, in Thy piercèd side ;  
My strength all failure—now at length I prove  
The full, deep richness of Thy wondrous Love.

---

VI.

‘I drew them with the cords of a man, with bands of love.’—

HOSEA, xi. 4.

AS a traitor, faithlessly,  
As a rebel, shamelessly,  
As a child, unduteously,  
I once behaved towards Thee.

As a King, most graciously,  
As a Master, bounteously,  
As a Father, pityingly,  
Thou didst behave towards me.

As Thy servant, carelessly,  
Thine own disciple, foolishly,  
Thy much-beloved, ungratefully  
Still I behaved to Thee.

**Hymns of Love**

LORD, O my LORD ! how patiently,  
As my Teacher, faithfully,  
As my Shepherd, tenderly,  
Still didst Thou deal with me !

All-perfect ONE ! most thankfully,  
Low at Thy Feet, adoringly,  
With my whole love, rejoicingly,  
Thus let me worship Thee.

---

VII.

‘I am the Vine : ye are the branches.’—ST. JOHN, xv. 5.

O JESU, Living Vine,  
    Quicken Thy Life in me ;  
To this poor heart of mine  
    Impart new strength from Thee.

Though empty, low, and weak,  
    Still, for Thy Love I yearn ;  
Thyself alone I seek ;  
    Only to Thee I turn.

Behold me *all* Thine own ;  
    What other help have I ?  
If left to droop alone,  
    I wither Lord ; I die !

Then, JESU, Living Vine,  
Show forth Thy Grace in me ;  
On this weak branch of Thine  
Ripen some fruit for Thee.

---

VIII.

‘Things which are impossible with men are possible with  
GOD.’—ST. LUKE, xviii. 27.

MY GOD, my SAVIOUR, make me all Thine  
own ;

I plead for this, and plead for this alone ;  
Thou canst, LORD JESUS ; O receive my cry,  
As, all unworthy, at Thy Feet I lie.

Unworthy—all unworthy, LORD, I know :  
But grace, and life, and light, and beauty grow  
At Thy command : and on the poorest ground  
Still more Thy work shall to Thy praise redound.

Deign to make something, by Thy skill Divine,  
On which Thy blessed likeness yet may shine.  
I know not how—but, LORD, do Thou Thy Will ;  
Only, in Thine own way, my prayer fulfil.



## IX.

‘They that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful.’—REV. xvii. 14.

CALLED! long ago Thou calledst me ;  
Oft as my feet would stray  
Didst call Thy wandering one to Thee,  
By many a secret way.

And—most unworthy of such Love—  
Didst choose me for Thine own ;  
Bidding me all Thy Goodness prove,  
And trust in Thee alone.

O may I now be *faithful* found ;  
Let me be *only* Thine ;  
And, where my sin did once abound,  
Let Thy fair Beauty shine.

Let me be wholly set apart  
And sanctified for Thee ;  
Engrave Thine Image on my heart,  
Thy seal of Purity.

Pure from the world, from self, from sin,  
Conformed to Thee alone ;  
Work *this*, my yielded heart within,  
Work, LORD ! till Thou hast shown

Love's mighty, soul-transforming grace ;  
Till, searching, Thou canst see  
Nought but Thy Likeness ; till Thou trace  
*Nought but Thyself* in me.

Amen.

## X.

'We love Him, because He first loved us.'—1 JOHN, iv. 19.

'TIS sweet to love Thee, LORD, but, ah, how  
sweeter far to know

The fulness of that blessed Fount from which all  
love doth flow !

'Tis joy to call Thee 'My Beloved,' but deeper  
joy to feel

What wealth of tenderness in Thee those precious  
words reveal.

For through each craving of my soul Thy loving  
Will is shown ;

Thou dost awaken in my heart sweet echoes from  
Thine own.

If I rejoice to call Thee mine—such bliss my joy  
doth prove—

Thou, too, art pleased to call me Thine ; Thou  
who alone art LOVE.

XI.

‘Abide in Him; that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.’—  
1 JOHN, ii. 28.

LIVE thou in CHRIST thy LORD ;  
He is thy Place of rest ;  
Thy Shelter from the world—  
Thy Home—is in His Breast.

Live thou by CHRIST thy LORD ;  
In Him be all thy strength ;  
His Love thy prize, throughout  
Its height, and depth, and length.

Live thou for CHRIST thy LORD ;  
Only to do His Will.  
In sickness or in health  
His Grace can use thee still.

And soon with CHRIST thy LORD,  
In Love's Eternal Home—  
His Presence thy reward—  
Shall endless rapture come.

---

XII.

‘The LORD our GOD is one LORD. And thou shalt love the LORD thy GOD with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.’—  
ST. MARK, xii. 29, 30.

I LOVE Thee, LORD, with all my heart,  
Poor though such love must be.  
Almighty Love, Thy grace impart ;  
Enrich my poverty.

I love Thee, LORD, with all my soul.  
My spirit, soaring free  
Whilst captive to Thy sweet control,  
Loves Thee, and only Thee.

I love Thee, LORD, with all my mind ;  
Since in Thy truth I see  
Wisdom and Holiness combined  
In perfect purity.

I love Thee, LORD, with all my strength ;

Thy Love is strength to me !

So, by Thine own Love's breadth and length,

For ever love I Thee.

---

XIII.

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'—ST. MATT. xxv. 40.

O SAVIOUR ! rouse us, bid us work for Thee,  
 Kindle new flames of love within each soul—  
 Love that *must* burn and conquer, till we see  
 The mists that hide Thee from our gaze unroll,  
 And all Thy Power Divine  
 In Beauty shine.

Help us to labour on, to watch and pray,  
 Until the morning break and darkness fade ;  
 Till the pure golden beams of perfect Day  
 Pierce through our sadness, and dispel our shade ;  
 Until Thy Glory bright  
 Rejoice our sight.



LORD, when Thou sittest on Thy Judgment Throne,  
The nations spread before Thee, far and wide,  
Close to Thy right Hand may our place be shown,  
'Midst those who for Thy sake all else denied.  
Oh, joy ! if then we may  
But hear Thee say :—

What time My brethren hungered, they were fed ;  
Ye drew each trembling outcast to your door ;  
They suffered, and your eager footstep sped  
To heal their sorrow, and provide your store :  
Henceforth your hearts shall see  
'Twas done for Me.

Then wilt Thou speak those words of wondrous  
Love :—  
'Come, blessed children of my FATHER, come,  
Enjoy the treasures stored for you above ;  
Enter the Mansions of My FATHER'S Home.  
Lay all your burdens down ;  
Receive your crown.'

XIV.

‘Thy Kingdom come. Thy Will be done in earth, as it is in  
Heaven.’—ST. MATT. vi. 10.

O HEAVENLY FATHER, whilst we pray  
That Thy Will may be done  
By us on earth, *as* those obey  
Who worship round Thy Throne ;

As angels serve Thee, joyfully,  
With free and glad delight ;  
As angels, with humility,  
In Thy most Holy Sight ;

Teach us to do the thing we ask ;  
Our heartfelt longing prove :  
Make, day by day, each special task  
A ministry of love.

'Thy Kingdom come' within us *now*;  
In CHRIST, our hearts possess ;  
Through Him be Thou our Guide,  
And Thou our Perfect Holiness.

All Glory evermore to Thee,  
Whose endless Love we sing ;  
With SON and SPIRIT, ONE in THREE,  
Our EVERLASTING KING.

Amen.

---

XV.

‘Follow me.’—ST. LUKE, ix. 59, 60.

MY spírit riseth at Thy call ;  
SAVIOUR, I follow Thee.  
Let sloth no more my heart enthal,  
Nor fears my trembling soul appal,  
But on—through care, through pain, through all,  
Help me to follow Thee.

Should doubt assail my heart once more,  
Still let me follow Thee ;  
Or if temptation press me sore,  
LORD, Thou hast felt its weight before ;  
And soon these conflicts will be o’er,  
If I but follow Thee.

Faint, yet uplifted by Thy Might,

Help me to follow Thee.

Onward, through trouble's deepest night,

Till faith's brief day is lost in sight ;

Onward—to Heaven's glorious Light,

JESUS, I follow Thee.

Amen.

---

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XVI.

‘It is more blessed to give than to receive.’—ACTS, xx. 35.

TO spend our gold on others’ needs,  
Our stores to heal their pain ;  
If such a giving far exceeds  
The richest earthly gain ;

What of the love that suffers long,  
That many a pang will bear  
For those who grieve, or do us wrong ?  
What of the yearning prayer

For loved ones, wandering from the Fold ?  
Ah ! aching hearts bestow  
More precious offerings than gold  
Through many a secret woe.

Then may we count no sorrow lost,  
No wound received in vain ;  
No scorn endured, no longing crossed,  
As useless, wasted pain.

Blessèd, each care for others borne !  
Thus JESUS did endure.  
Along the Path *His* Feet have worn,  
Blest are our steps, and sure.

Pale glows the token of His Cross,  
Yet clear its faintest rays ;  
So turns to heavenly gain our loss,  
Man's scorn to God's own praise.

LORD ! since on us Thy Love is poured,  
To us Thy Mercy shown,  
For us a choicer treasure stored  
Than heart of man hath known ;

O let us, through our brethren, give  
Our really best to Thee—  
The purest life that we can live  
Of patient charity.

---



## XVII.

‘My Beloved is mine, and I am His.’—SONG OF  
SOLOMON, ii. 16.

MY LORD Belov'd, my FIRST and LAST,  
Who giv'st Thyself to me,  
How vainly is each moment passed  
That is not lived in Thee !

I would my every act could prove,  
My every word proclaim,  
The Glorious Beauty of Thy Love,  
The Sweetness of Thy Name.

Would every breath I breathe were Thine ;  
Each wish, each thought controll'd  
By Thee, O Holiness Divine,  
O Faithfulness untold.

My LORD Belov'd, my FIRST and LAST,  
Who giv'st Thyself to me,  
Let every hour that glideth past  
Be wholly lived in Thee.

Amen.

## XVIII.

'In Memoriam.'—F. M. J., Feb. 22, 1876.

SWEET, loving spirit ! thou hast fled  
To the pure Land of Love ;  
Quick, through this mortal life, hast sped  
To the true Life above.

GOD sent Thee but few hours of pain,  
Then bade all sorrow cease :  
Brief was the suffering—great the gain ;  
Short trouble—endless peace !

The MASTER came, and called *for thee*;  
O blessèd, blessèd call !  
O happy one, His Face to see—  
JESUS, our Life, our All !

He called for Thee, but whispered first  
Sweet words within thy heart ;

Caused thee for living streams to thirst,  
And choose Love's holiest part.

Then, having made Thee all His own,  
He drew thee to His Breast ;  
And to thy wondering gaze has shown  
The glories of the blest.

We, too, are waiting, listening, near  
The Gate which thou hast passed ;  
*We* long the MASTER'S Voice to hear,  
Calling our name at last.

Speak, dearest SAVIOUR, speak Thy Word,  
Deep in each listening heart ;  
*Fill* us with peace—Thy Peace, O LORD,  
Until our souls depart

To be with Thee, our GOD and KING,  
Thy wondrous Joy to prove ;  
Thy Praises evermore to sing  
In the bright Home of Love.

## XIX.

‘In labours more abundant.’—2 COR. xi. 23.

‘If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that  
a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.’—  
2 COR. viii. 12.

EVER to spend and be spent, for THEE,  
Would that such grace were mine !  
Sure, in Thy Strength Divine,  
I too could labour on through care and pain,  
I too could count all loss as richest gain.  
Let but the work be Thine,  
And toil should prove the sweetest rest to me.  
  
Oh, would such holy privilege were given ;  
Would Thou didst call on me  
To spend myself for Thee !  
Some souls there are who this full blessing share,  
Who, still obeying, spend and never spare.  
Thrice happy souls, to be  
A living sacrifice, made meet for Heaven !

---

Peace, peace, thou longing heart; repress thy  
sigh ;

Such bliss shall yet be thine,

Such sweetest glory shine

E'en on thy path. Not in one way alone

Can the true sacrifice of love be shown ;

That light of Life Divine

Falls on thy cross : hush, hush thy yearning cry.

The Master knows—He careth for thy love.

O sit thou at His Feet,

There learn thy lesson sweet :

Store up each precious word ; so shalt thou find

Enough to feed thy heart, to fill thy mind ;

And He will make thee meet

For highest service in His Courts above.

## XX.

‘Blessed be the Glory of the LORD.’—EZEK. iii. 12.

LORD, when I feel Thy Presence near,  
And, hushed with silent love,  
My soul adores, how calm and clear  
Those searching moments prove !  
I loathe, I hate each poisonous touch of sin ;  
Oh, make and keep me truly pure within.

Unworthy to be called Thine own,  
Still in Thine Arms I rest ;  
Unfit to kneel before Thy Throne,  
Yet laid upon Thy Breast.  
Could I respond to the transcendent Grace,  
How would my soul such Love Divine embrace !

Most Holy, Holy, Holy ONE,  
Most dear, most glorious LORD,  
Be all Thy sacred pleasure done,  
Thy perfect Will adored.  
Only in Thine own time, in Thine own way,  
Grant me a sinless heart to worship and obey.

---



## XXI.

'JESUS took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave to them, and said, Take, eat: this is my body. And He took the cup, and when He had given thanks He gave it to them; and they all drank of it. And He said, This is my Blood of the new Testament, which is shed for many.'—ST. MARK, xiv. 22-24.

BREAD of Life, for sinners broken ;  
Precious Blood, for sinners shed ;  
JESU, LORD, through earthly token,  
On THYSELF our hearts be fed.

In Thy very Death partaking,  
Count we earthly life but dross :  
Sin and self by Thee forsaking,  
Dying with Thee on the Cross.

In Thy very Life arisen !  
May that Life, so pure and true

Through these precious symbols given,  
Sanctify each heart anew.

Fill us with Divine Communion ;  
LORD OF LOVE, our Portion be ;  
Sweetest joy—most perfect union—  
Thou in us, and we in Thee !

Amen.

---

## XXII.

'Give us this day our daily bread.'—ST. MATT. vi. 11.

'I am the living Bread which came down from Heaven : . . .  
My Flesh is Meat indeed, and My Blood is Drink indeed.'—  
ST. JOHN, vi. 51, 55.

O GIVE me, LORD, that Daily Bread  
On which my longing heart is fed.  
Thou knowest how my hunger grows  
Yet more, with all Thy Love bestows.  
O give, then, SAVIOUR, freely give :  
Thou art my Food ; by Thee I live.

So much Thy Love hath granted me,  
That more and more I seek from Thee.  
Lord JESUS, only Thou canst feed  
With ' Bread of Life,' with ' Meat indeed.'  
Thou only canst my need supply ;  
Thou, Thou alone, canst satisfy.

For Thee—Thy Holiness, Thy Love,  
My spirit yearns. O SAVIOUR, prove  
The wondrous Grace of Food from GOD,  
The power of Life-bestowing Blood.  
Let all my soul be filled with Thee ;  
Dwell Thou, and only Thou, in me.

Amen.

---

## XXIII.

‘That they may all be one : as Thou, FATHER, art in Me, and I  
in Thee, that they also may be one in Us : that the world  
may believe that Thou hast sent Me.’—ST. JOHN, xvii. 21.

THOUGH differing thought may sever,  
Or varying sect divide,  
No cause shall sunder ever  
Hearts that in CHRIST abide.

Apart may we have striven  
Our fainting souls to fill ;  
One Food, the Bread from Heaven,  
For each sufficeth still.

One HOLY SPIRIT leadeth  
Each pilgrim on his way ;  
And each one pardon needeth,  
One cleansing, day by day.

In one dear MASTER'S favour  
Do we rejoice to dwell ;  
The praises of one SAVIOUR  
Each longing heart doth tell,

His Love our one enjoyment,  
His Smile our one reward,  
His Work our one employment—  
The Service of one LORD.

O sweet and holy union !  
O precious joy, to be  
Made one by such communion,  
Most Holy LORD, in Thee !

---

## XXIV.

'Heirs of GOD, and joint-heirs with CHRIST; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.'—  
ROM. viii. 17.

THOSE who have wept with JESUS here  
Rejoice with Him above ;  
Who now have held His sufferings dear  
Inherit all His Love.

Washed in the SAVIOUR'S precious Blood,  
Clad in His Raiment white,  
As priests before the Throne of GOD,  
They serve Him, day and night.

They sing the praises of the LAMB,  
In holiest rapture blest ;  
They see His Face ; they bear His Name ;  
They lean upon His Breast.

Their Home can need no moon nor sun  
 To gild its radiance bright,  
 The LORD their GOD—the HOLY ONE,  
 Their Everlasting Light !

CHRIST's perfect Righteousness their own ;  
 His Love the crown they wear ;  
 His Joy their glory ; and His Throne  
 The seat He bids them share !

No sorrow more, no fear, no pain  
 May dim their pure delight ;  
 One with their LORD and KING, they reign  
 In His all-glorious might.

O JESU, Holy Bridegroom, come !  
 We *long* Thy Face to see ;  
 Bear us to Thine Eternal Home ;  
 Take us to dwell with with Thee.

Amen.



## XXV.

'The Lord is my Shepherd.'—PSALM xxiii. 1.

GOOD SHEPHERD, feed me from Thy  
Hand ;

Choose Thou the portion best for me.  
I care not what—the taste is sweet  
When I receive it straight from Thee.

Dear SHEPHERD, lead me, day by day ;  
O keep me safely at Thy side.  
What matter if the path be long,  
So Thou Thyself art still my Guide ?

What matter if the way be dark,  
*Thou* art my Light, Thou cheerest me.  
What matter if the way be steep,  
*Thou* art my Strength—I cling to Thee.

And, in the darkest hour of all,  
GOOD SHEPHERD, Thou wilt grant Thy  
Peace,  
Wilt lift me through the Vale of Death  
Until each breath of suffering cease.

Wilt comfort and sustain my soul ;  
And hush me gently to my rest  
In Thy sweet Love, Thou SHEPHERD true,  
For ever and for ever blest.

---

## XXVI.

'Peace I leave with you : My Peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.'—ST. JOHN, xiv. 27.

PEACE to the weary spirit,—  
The heart that seeketh rest,—  
Peace, through the SAVIOUR'S merit ;  
Peace, on the SAVIOUR'S Breast.

Peace, in the night of sorrow ;  
Peace, in the midst of pain ;  
Peace, till the Glorious Morrow  
Eternal Peace shall gain.

---

XXVII.

'And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart, into a desert place.'—ST. MARK, vi. 31.

IN my suffering CHRIST doth call me;  
Peace, my restless thoughts, be still !  
JESUS speaks :—whate'er befall me,  
Sweet His Words and sweet His Will.

Sweet the Love that shall enfold me,  
Guiding onwards, day by day.  
Firm the Strength that shall uphold me  
When I falter by the way.

Through this desert, SAVIOUR, lead me,  
Step by step, apart with Thee ;  
By the living waters feed me :  
Thou Thyself my Portion be.

---

## XXVIII.

‘But JESUS answered and said . . . ‘Are ye able?’—  
ST. MATT. xx. 22.

O TEACH me, SAVIOUR, teach me any way,  
If Thou wilt only lead me, day by day,  
Just one step nearer Thee ;  
Through any care or sorrow, any pain,  
If only this my longing heart may gain—  
But one step nearer Thee.

What have I dared to utter? Can I bear  
Sorrow, or suffering, or bitter care?  
How am I able, LORD?  
My strength is weakness ; all my heart would faint ;  
I might dishonour Thee with vain complaint :  
I am *not able*, LORD.

And yet, should such be Thy most Holy Will,  
Pardon each shrinking fear, and teach me still,

But hold me fast.

Let me not fail ; O keep me by Thy Power—  
Thou Who canst lead me through the darkest

hour—

Holding me fast.

Therefore, although I have no strength to bear  
One hour of suffering, or one day of care,

Still, in Thy Love,

If any pain would bring me nearer Thee,

O *make* me able, LORD, *and give it me*,

For Thy dear Love.

---

## XXIX.

‘I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of GOD, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto GOD, which is your reasonable service.’—ROM. xii. 1.

‘Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly.’—

1 CHRON. xxix. 9.

BLESSED FATHER, Blessed SON,  
Blessed SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Be Thy Holy pleasure done.

By each word of Promise sure  
Help Thy servant to endure ;  
Keep me faithful ; make me pure.

Bliss from suffering shall rise ;  
Choicest gladness ever lies  
Hid in willing sacrifice.

Let my longing heart obtain  
Strength from weakness, joy from pain:  
Turn my loss to highest gain.

Wondrous privilege, to be  
Love's own sacrifice for Thee!  
Can such honour rest on me?

May the stricken soul aspire  
To such glow of pure desire,  
Kindled by Celestial Fire?

Strangely sweet, enraptured grace!  
In its mysteries I trace  
Gleams from Heaven's abiding place.

In its secret joys I see  
Fellowship, O CHRIST, with Thee,—  
Union with the ONE in THREE.



For this hidden treasure, LORD,  
In Thy Love so deeply stored,  
See my thankful heart outpoured.

Blessed FATHER, Blessed SON,  
Blessed SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Be Thy Holy pleasure done.

Amen.

---

XXX.

‘Whom the LORD loveth He chasteneth . . . that we may be  
made partakers of His holiness.’—HEB. xii. 6, 10.

DO all Thou wilt with me ;  
I lay me low,  
Waiting submissively  
Each chastening blow.

Welcome Thy Blessed Hand ;  
Welcome each pain ;  
So Thine own Purpose stand,  
Mine is the gain.

Thy Faith is pledged to me ;  
Thy Word is passed ;  
Trustful her care on Thee  
My soul may cast.

Let but Thy precious Love  
Such Grace impart,  
As in my need shall prove  
Strength to my heart.

Do all Thou wilt with me,  
In Thine own way ;  
Make my soul fit for Thee,  
Cost what it may.

Amen.

---

XXXI.

NEAR HOME.

NEAR Home—in very sight of Land !

Long has the voyage been :

But now, as on the deck we stand,

The welcome Shore is seen !

Dark were the nights long past and gone,

Dark many a stormy day ;

Yet, through the darkest hours, ONE

Shed blessing on our way.

*Some* gleam shone forth, to cheer and guide,

As still we laboured on,

Though, from our battered vessel's side

Bulwarks and cords were gone.

We called aloud in our distress ;—

HE heard our troubled cry ;

He marked the soul's sore bitterness,  
The heart's desponding sigh.

And often, when the adverse wind  
Drove us across the sea,  
Leaving our wished-for course behind,  
He whispered,—*'Trust in Me!'*

'Twas He who steered the storm-tossed bark,  
And calmed the tempest high ;  
Bade us the lessening distance mark,  
The breaking morn descry.

Less angry grew the ocean waves,  
The Day-Star rose at length,  
And He who succours, loves, and saves,  
Gave light, and peace, and strength.

He taught our hands to spread the sail  
When favouring breezes blew ;  
Nor let our scant provision fail,  
As onward still we drew,

Under His guidance, toward the Land  
Still far beyond *our* sight ;  
But now, at length, her golden Strand  
Lies all outspread in light.

With light those distant Hills seem near,  
With light the City glows ;  
Whilst clearer yet, and yet more clear,  
The long-sought Vision grows.

A little distance yet to gain,  
Only a little more ;  
Then, neither toil nor anxious strain,—  
Our weary voyage o'er !

What though some heaving waters still  
Us from the Shore divide ?  
They bear us onward, they fulfil  
*Our* purpose, as we glide

Across their foam. Wind, wave, and sail  
Full set, all help our need :  
Welcome their force,—we gladly hail  
Each sign of quickening speed.

For ONE Who brought us all the way,  
Through storms and dangers past,  
Will yet *more* closely with us stay,  
And guide us to the last.

'Tis He will greet us on that Shore,  
'Tis He will give us rest ;  
Refresh us from His Heavenly Store ;  
Enfold us to His Breast !

O joy, to reach the FATHER'S Home ;  
O joy of joys, to see  
The SAVIOUR'S Smile of Love—to come  
LORD, dearest LORD, to *Thee* !

---

XXXII.

‘When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?’—

JOB, xxxiv. 29.

THE night draws on ; my day is well-nigh o’er ;  
The work Thou gavest me is nearly done.  
Not *well* done, LORD ; but O, with longing sore  
To serve Thee better. Now all that has gone,  
And I can only rest  
Upon Thy loving Breast.

One hour of deepening twilight doth remain ;  
But sweet that hour, and calm its welcome  
shade.  
How can I fear the keenest grasp of pain  
When Thou such stillness in my heart hath  
made ?  
What need I do, but rest  
Upon Thy loving Breast ?



64      **Hymns of Love and Thankfulness.**

Here will I lean my weakness, here will hide  
From each disturbance, from each jarring  
sound ;  
Here, in my secret Shelter, will abide ;  
And Thine own Peace shall gently fold me  
round,  
Until I *only* rest  
Upon Thy loving Breast.

Amen.

THE END.

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